GENTLY INCLINING STREETS LEADING INTO THE HILLS OF YAMANOTE.

AVENUES LINED WITH BROADLEAF TREES. ANCIENT HOMES PAIRED WITH EARTHEN SHEDS AND WAREHOUSES EQUIPPED WITH SHEET IRON ROOFS. BRILLIANT WHITE-TILED APARTMENT BUILDINGS TOWERING ABOVE ALL.

EVERYTHING IS AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, AND YET, I REMEMBER NONE OF IT.

MangaBox

~ Chapter Thirty-Five~ The Kaleidoscope Pismire ⑥

STORY BY AMAGI SEIMARU
ART BY MINAMI OZAKI

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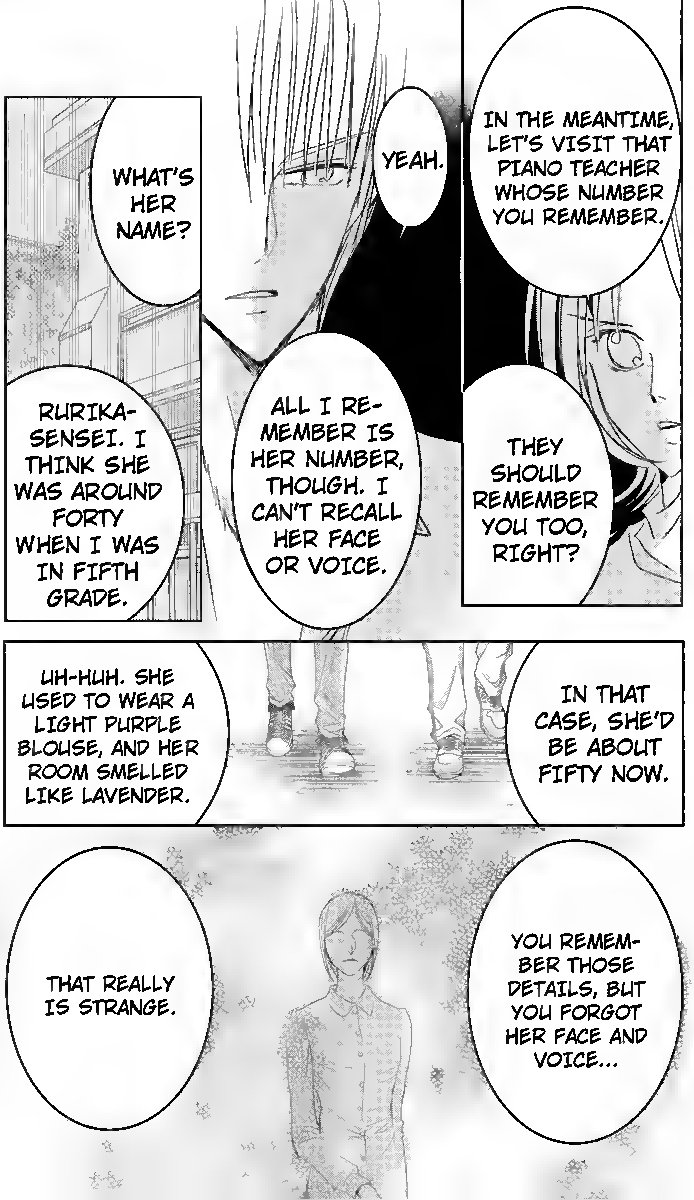
I SEE...
SEE THAT APARTMENT? IT'S GOTTEN SHABBIER, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN THERE.
AND THAT RUN-DOWN WAREHOUSE OVER THERE HASN'T CHANGED A BIT SINCE WE WERE KIDS.
IT'S NO USE.
NOTHING COMES TO MIND.
THAT'S SUPER WEIRD...
YOU REMEMBER A LOT ABOUT ME AND THE SCHOOL WE WENT TO, RIGHT?
YOU EVEN REMEMBERED THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE PIANO TEACHER WE'RE ABOUT TO VISIT. WHAT'S THE DEAL?

I REMEMBER HAVING PARENTS, THEIR NAMES AND THINGS THEY SAID TO ME...
BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER THEIR FACES OR VOICES.
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S THE SAME WITH MY MOM AND DAD.
...
THINGS THEY SAID? LIKE WHAT?
"DINNER'S READY." OR "GO PRACTICE PIANO!" STUFF LIKE THAT.
AH HA HA!
IT'S NOT FUNNY...
Sorry
Sorry

I THOUGHT THAT THE ONLY AMBIGUOUS PART OF MY MEMORY WAS THE TIME BETWEEN WHEN I WAS IN FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADE...
BUT THE MORE I DELVE INTO MY MEMORY, THE MORE HOLES I COME ACROSS.
I CAN'T RECALL MY PARENTS' FACES OR VOICES, BUT I REMEMBER THE INSIDE OF OUR HOUSE CLEAR AS DAY.
THE PENCIL SHARPENER ON MY DESK. MY PERSONAL MUG. HOW I OFTEN FELL DOWN THE STAIRS. I REMEMBER ALL OF THAT..!
BUT I DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING ABOUT THIS TOWN UNTIL WE ACTUALLY CAME HERE.
YOU DON'T THINK IT COULD BE AMNESIA?
NO...
I REMEMBER MY OLD ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER EVEN THE NAMES OF ALL MY OLD CLASSMATES. I DON'T THINK THIS COUNTS AS AMNESIA.

This story is completely fictional and unrelated to any real people, groups or events.


IN THE MEANTIME, LET'S VISIT THAT PIANO TEACHER WHOSE NUMBER YOU REMEMBER.
YEAH.
WHAT'S HER NAME?
THEY SHOULD REMEMBER YOU TOO, RIGHT?
ALL I REMEMBER IS HER NUMBER, THOUGH. I CAN'T RECALL HER FACE OR VOICE.
RURIKA-SENSEI. I THINK SHE WAS AROUND FORTY WHEN I WAS IN FIFTH GRADE.
IN THAT CASE, SHE'D BE ABOUT FIFTY NOW.
UH-HUH. SHE USED TO WEAR A LIGHT PURPLE BLOUSE, AND HER ROOM SMELLED LIKE LAVENDER.
YOU REMEMBER THOSE DETAILS, BUT YOU FORGOT HER FACE AND VOICE...
THAT REALLY IS STRANGE.

RURIKA-SENSEI SHOULD BE UNRELATED TO THE INCIDENT, AND WE PROBABLY WON'T FIND OUT ANYTHING BY VISITING HER...
IF THERE IS SOME MEANING IN THE FACT THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN HER FACE AND VOICE, THEN IT MUST HAVE TO DO WITH YUNA'S MURDER.
BUT THE DAY YUNA DIED, I'D SKIPPED MY LESSONS TO PLAY WITH FRIENDS...
YEAH...
UNRELATED...?
...REALLY THE CASE?
ISN'T THAT HER HOUSE?
AH...
IS THAT...
IT IS STRANGE.

THAT'S IT! THE ONE WITH THE ACACIA TREE!
IT GOT BIG IN THE LAST TEN YEARS. IT USED TO BE AS TALL AS I WAS.
SO YOU DO REMEMBER THIS PLACE! THAT'S A RELIEF.
LET'S GO!
YOU MIGHT RECOGNIZE SENSEI WHEN YOU SEE HER!
BADUMP
...

BADUMP
THE ROSE MANSION'S SCHWARTZ MADONNA...
DANGER.
WHITE FLOWERS STAINED IN FRESH BLOOD...
BADUMP
DANGER.
THE YELLOW FLOWERS OF THE ACACIA...
THE DOOR ...
IT'S BEEN LEFT OPEN.
HUH?

BAM
WHAT THE HELL...?
SEN-SEI...
IT'S ME, HIKARU! WE SPOKE ON THE PHONE YESTERDAY!
RURIKA-SENSEI! ARE YOU HOME?!
SILENCE
IS IT...
IS IT MY FAULT AGAIN? WHY SENSEI?!
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO SENSEI!
THROB
THROB

SEN-PAI...
I WENT TO BED A BIT EARLY LAST NIGHT, BUT IT FELT MORE LIKE I PASSED OUT.
DID I REALLY SLEEP...?
IT CAN'T BE...
WAS IT ME?!
SEN-PAI!
MY SUBCON-SCIOUS HAS TOO MUCH IT WANTS TO FORGET...
SO THAT I WON'T REMEMBER... SO THAT I REALLY WILL FORGET...

COULD IT BE...
THAT I...
AH HA HA HA
A CHILD'S LAUGHTER RINGS IN MY EARS...
THE CRAZED CACKLING OF THE ONE WHO GAZES INTO THE KALEIDOSCOPE.
HA HA HA
AH HA HA...